# IGHTING for LIFE

OME Idea of What It Means to Face a Savage plunged down the ravine and up again and went by custom, I dismounted, tethering my horse to the limb on supward thrust, and I felt the ivory edge graze my fiesh, while the ripping, tearing blow hurled me further Little Creature That Knows No Fear and Has the leads the sound of a crashing in the bush to the leads the sound of a crashing in the bush to the leads the sound of a crashing in the bush to the leads the sound of a crashing in the bush to the leads as if several large animals were running and saw in a sort of corner formed by a great burned my feet and up on the stump just as he came back at Power of a Donkey Engine Behind Its Razor Like Tusks there on parallel tracks and it was soon obvious that off tree and its stump, a magnificent tusker at bay. The dogs saved me, for Waha.

the first cry from the terrier they let their big voices once more and I could mount and ride. In a little

right as if several large animals were running and saw, in a sort of corner formed by a great burned- my feet and up on the stump just as he came back at

speak and came leaping high over the undergrowth, while we were close on the dogs, and, following the caught my puttee on the right knee with the danger-

He was facing the three dogs, his hind quarters in the nul, though he had dropped to the ground, was not colgn of advantage, and was making short charges at near enough. They fell on his flanks and though ha first one and then the other. One of the big dogs had did not turn away from me I had a chance to leap to a bad gash in his shoulder and was bleeding pro- the ground and recover my spear. Waha-nul was fusely. It was beautiful to see the lightning like saying "ki-tao" with great vigor and between times swing of the boar's head as he made his little rush shouting instructions to me to drive the spear home and upward thrust to drive one of his curved ivory this time even if I did not strike the vital spot. daggers into a dog. The very action expressed the power of the blow and gave a forecast of the execu- where the big fellow could charge me in a short distion if he struck his mark fairly.

The Maori behind me was crying some instructions the dogs and making the effort. in his native tongue, but I did not heed him; instead, swinging my spear into readiness, I advanced to in- plunged. Bracing myself, I suddenly lowered the vite the charge which would give me my opportunity point of the turnhi and felt the heavy shock as it to plunge the long blade into the particular spot be- struck him deep in the very spot for which I had hind the head that would give the game its quietus. aimed. What the Maori was saying, as I afterward learned, was for me to pick my tree to climb before I made

#### The Wicked Little Pig.

a wicked little cry of rage, he charged, so swiftly and so viciously that he caught the terrier before the dog could sidestep, and bowled him out of the way, but in so doing diverted bimself and shot by between me counter in Maungataniwa, with a far less fortunate and the Maori, going straight for my horse. The poor ending. He and Tuatini, a younger cousin of Wahahelpless animal lunged back to tear loose, but the nui, were both mounted and were riding bome at the spring of the branch gave him no chance of a breaking close of a bunt in which the party had become seat jerk on the strap. Striking to rip the horse's flank, tered. They were hurrying, as they wished to get into the boar plunged into the combat, but knocked the good going ground before dark came down, and the horse's legs from under him and for an instant the tired dogs were trotting to heel. The scent of rongotwo rolled together in the grass. The elasticity of tute came strongly from the left, where there was a

By manoeuvring around the stump I got a position tance only and he lost no time in freeing himself from

Shaking bimself like a dog, be lowered his head and

Even so, before he fell I was forced back two paces and the lashings of the slasher were so badly sprung that it was of no more use to me that day. But the big fellow was dead, though the dogs, my horse, Waha-Now the rongotute saw his new enemy, and, with nui and I all had had a very close call from his lvories

### A Terrifying Charge.

A little later Captain Mylesing had a terrible en-



Caught a Limb Just Above Him and Swinging Out of the Way of the Maddened Animal

### BY DERESLEY MORTON. (Copyright, 1910, by the New York Herald Co. All rights reserved.)

HEN the great navigator and explorer, Captain Cook, made his historic voyages in the southern latitudes be carried a quantity of live stock for food. Among the animals were some large English hogs, and a few of these were landed on North Island of the New Zealand doninion and escaped into the forest. In one hundred rears the stock has undergone a great change, has reterted to a state even wilder and fiercer than the orignal one, perhaps, and makes the finest of big game.

name them "rongotutes." pated in 1902 in the Taranaki district, and I acquired I very wholesome respect for them as game fighters

The white bushmen of the North Island call these

and dangerous opponents. Both male and female develop curved tusks that are both longer and sharper than those of the lamous wild boars of Europe, northern Africa and India, and the beasts are larger, more rangy and are swifter. I have the tusks of the one which nearly did for me and my horse and they measure seven and onehalf inches on the outside, while I have seen them mounted on the habiliments of Maori tohunga or priests when they measured nine inches.

While in the shoat age the wild hog is compelled to rip up roots, turn over stones, toss aside small fallen trees and do other things that give him access to ants, snalls, nuts, fungl and other food, and this use develops the inclsors in the lower jaw till even a twoyear-old will have very presentable arms of offence and defence.

The older boars and sows, following some natural instanct, grind out the inner sides of the triangular tips of the tusks until the points are as sharp as the points of | fe blades and the edges of the ground portion have a cutting capacity that is amazing. Put wo or three hundred pounds of ferocious brawn beand a pair of tusks ground out in this fashion and he hunter faces a very dangerous brute.

Though little known to the outside world, the sportig New Zealanders are very fond of this sport and ow and then expert "plg stickers" from India or from gypt or the Soudan, for the most part British army ficers, go to New Zealand to try the sport. I have ever heard one of them fail to admit that the Captain ook of North Island is the prince of them all in a

Fifty years ago these pigs were found all over the iland, from latitude 34 south to 40 south, but the ettlers are driving them away from the plantations. the Maoris have been eating great quantities of them or food, and every time a big tract is made the subject of lumbering operations the first thing the bushmen are called upon to do is to drive the rongotutes away. It is not pleasant to have a peaceful gang of laborers armed only with saws and axes called upon to fight two or three beasts of donkey engine power armed around the front with booked daggers. The result is that the pigs have retreated slowly to the vast tracts of virgin bush in and about Mount Egmont, in the Taranaki district, in the Kaimanawa of the Hawkes Bay country, in the Raukumara of the Waia Pu district, around the great Lake Taupa and in the region from Mongonul in the extreme north, south to Ota-

The hunting which I most enjoyed was in the wilderness of Taranaki, on the eastern slopes of Mount Egmont, between New Plymouth and Stratford. One can always find a Captain Cook there and one can always get a hard ride and a good fight.

## Comrades of the Fray.

willing to break his neck if you are willing to break

be slashed up in the bush, so the mongrel the bushmen call a cattle dog is the best. He is the size of a hogs "Captain Cooks" or "razorbacks," and the Maoria collie, but has a short coat and a long nose that is quite blunt at the end. What his origin was I cannot imagine, but this dog is the one that the speep men are using more than any other.

> The supposition is that firearms are not used against the pigs because that would be unsportsmanlike, but I think that the truth is that the bushmen discovered that firearms were far less effective than the spear that every pig hunter now uses. It would be a wonderful shot who could hit in a vital spot a charging boar surrounded by dogs with such a percentage of certainty that he would not get ripped up in short

> In the first place, the death is nearly always in a dense thicket, at very close quarters, where firearms are not nearly so convenient as steel blades, and where shooting from cover is almost impossible.

The standard weapon, therefore, is the turuhi or short spear made by lashing a bushman's slasher to a choice staff six feet in length. The steel is about fifteen inches long and has the weight thrown toward the tip, which turns up with the same hook seen in a Turkish slipper. These are the knives with which a Maori will fight his way through miles of bush. There are seven cuts that the skilled knife man uses in making a path, and so peculiar is the poise of the slasher that bushmen are very frequently the victims of accidental cuts from their own knives.

The day of my best fight we were up before dawn

riding away from the little pa where we had stopped the night before after a breakfast of hot kumara cakes and komeke dough made from the dried and powdered fern root, washed down with excellent tes. from our own canisters.

In addition to the three of us who had made up our party in Wellington there were four Maori bushmen on foot and three dogs-two of the cattle dog sort and one smaller mongrel terrier. The Captain Cook my best speed could not equal that which the game the limb helped the horse to regain his feet and he had reported the day before that there were several on the slopes of a spur some miles off to the north.

had struck the main trail up the mountain. Just as my horse took fallen logs and clumps of rocks. led us into a great glade, a "clearing," that had been other side of the slope and I shot ahead. Now the mile and then one of the younger men stepped to the the chase in his velns a hunter will take many front and began to carve out a trail that led to an- chances and think nothing of them. I remember other clearing.

## Seeking the Captain Cook.

Now we extended slightly, the Maoris taking the flanks with the dogs working before us. Perhaps The first requisite is a strong, fleet horse that is for half an hour we forged ahead, at times entirely lost to sight of each other, and then suddenly old yours, and the second is a pig hating dog. The aver- Waha-nui stopped, lifted his head and began to sniff, age fox dog or bound will turn tail before a Captain and almost at the same instant the mongrel terrier Cook, and the wolf and deer hounds are easy victims gave tongue and was off to the left. On my right for myself to the scene of conflict, when one of the for the tusks. Sporting dogs are none too plentiful in was a bad ravine and my friends were on the other

has a very peculiar odor, which even nostrils dulled and the dogs were making. Straight up the slope leaped aside from a short charge, giving the dogs time by civilization can make out easily at some distance, went the chase, with my friends halloing in the rear to get at the pig's flank, and one of the cattle dogs even long after the pig has passed. Some sheepmen as they sought a place to round the ravine. Now the buried his teeth in the high rump, causing the game pigs had gone over the ridge and the noise of the dogs to turn and charge. The dogs got out of the way and was growing fainter. I put spurs to my horse and We picked our way out of the environs of the pa, leaned low over the pommel of my English cross counwatched by the several scores Maori inhabitants of try saddle as I shot under the low boughs of the trees one of my friends was galloping up. the place, till we were beyond the kumara fields and only raising my head to get the proper seat when

the suo was coming up old Waha-uui, the chief guide, I had struck a trail and my horse was as glad as the undergrowth for an objective point. When he knocked out against the limb of an overhanging tree had settled on our course be began to cut a path and or of being burled against a trunk if I lost my seat it was amazing to see the progress he made. We in the jumps. When I reached the crest the dogs walked our horses slowly behind him till at last be had cornered a Captain Cook about a mile down the caused by some forest fire two or three years before. riding was something to make a man's hair rise when Here we went forward and upward rapidly for a half be thinks of it in cold blood, but with the fever of thinking of the difference between such a chase and the tame riding through the grass and brakes after pigs in other lands, where one overtakes the animal and stoops and lances it or cuts short its career with a rapier or sabre.

In a short time the growth blocked the way. The dogs and the pigs had gone through with scarcely lessened speed, but I wondered how they had done it.

New Zealand and it is rather costly to import dogs to side of it. The cattle dogs were with them, but at this our way through to a point where he could run Maoris came up and together we took turns in cut-

the big tusker went crashing on down the slope. By this time two others of the Maoris had arrived and

I Had Missed Him

I found my horse uninjured, but very nearly unmanageable from fright, and I mounted and took up the chase once more. It was at least a balf hour of drew his mat back from his left shoulder and poised I to find clear going. It was a mad, mad half hour's terrific riding before the dogs brought the pig to bay his sinsher as he stood on tiptoe, peering forward over ride, with the constant danger of having my brains once more. This time it was against the base of a low cliff with a wall of undergrowth before it. The Maoris were not up, and, though I was very tired by this time, I set to work to cut through to the slope. Barely had I got into the open space before the cliff when old Waha-nul appeared, and this time 1 got the caution to pick out my tree. It was well that I did so. We advanced to the attack together, he a little to into the open. He was unconscious and in a pretty the rear. Separating to go around a stump, we came bad state from loss of blood and from shock when the within the range of the wicked little eyes of the Maori brought him into the pa, tied in the saddle, but boar, busily fending off the dogs. Like a bolt he darted for Waha-nul and the Maori, for all his age, leaped into the air like a monkey, caught a limb just. He recovered ultimately, but he will never hunt againabove bim and swung up out of the way just as the He has a limp and a lame shoulder. maddened animal shot under him.

The force of the charge buried the boar in a mass of very thick vines and the dogs were at him instantly. With a quickness and power that won my admiration he tore free from his entanglement and whirled on them, only to find me facing him.

On he came with a grunt of rage. My turnhi slid along his shoulder. I had missed!



With the Constant Danger of Having My Brains Knocked Out Against the Limb of an Overhanging Tree

deep bay among the papa rock. The dogs plung. h at once, and it was apparent in a few seconds' time that the bay was a blind hole and the quarry was cornered before it had had any chance whatever to run. Tethering their horses, they cut their way more or less easily into the bush and found that the place where the pigs had been was a sort of natural amphitheatre save in wet weather, when it was filled with the waters of a torrent that at this time was no more than a trickling stream running in a fall over the rocks at the back. From the signs more than one pls had been stirred, and it was not long before a young boar and a sow were made out moving along the rocks in the fringe of bush trying to find an outlet or a place where they could climb the sides of the bay.

Captain Mylesing instructed the Maori to take the one while he took the other, and, cutting their way, they advanced, constantly ready for the charge. The boar came first, and Mylesing speared him nicely, noticing as he did so that the dogs were plunging and lunging in the bush to the left of him. He was just about to withdraw his spear when there was a terrific charge from a big old pig who had been in the shadow. The Maori was busy with the sow and was some fifty feet away. The charge caught the officer entirely unprepared and the boar's tusk, catching him in the thigh ripped him up to the waist and hurled him to the ground. He got to his feet, snatched the spear from the body of the first boar and tried to get the big pig on the return charge, but he was unable to act with sufficient quickness in his wounded state and in a moment more was face down on the rocks with another terrible rip in his chest.

Tuatini rushed to the rescue and drove his knife into the boar's heart and dragged Captain Mylesing skinful native surgery kept life in his body till be could be taken aboard a schooner in Wnangaroa Bay.

He is but one of the many who have felt the tusks of the Captain Cooks, and serious injuries and fatalities are not unusual; in fact, it has often been stated that the percentage of loss of life is higher than in lion hunting, and some of the very best sportsmen who have ever come to New Zealand have ranked the ngotute close to the Malay seladang and the African buffalo, admittedly the most dangerous beasts to hunt